

THE PARKERTON CRITIC.

THE

CRITIC

MARCH

1910

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The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. VI.

DERRY, N. H., MARCH, 1910.

NO. 6

Published monthly during the school year by the students
of Pinkerton Academy.

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[Entered as second-class matter, October 30, 1909, at
the post-office at Derry, N. H., under the Act of Congress
of March 3, 1879.]

Subscriptions 75 Cts. a Year. Single Copies 10 Cts
Payment in Advance.

DERRY, N. H., 1910.

A CRITIC office has been established at the Academy. Two typewriters have been placed at the disposal of the CRITIC, and in other ways has it been made easier and more convenient for the board to do its work. The office was made possible through the kindness of our Principal, and the editors would here acknowledge their indebtedness and gratitude to him.

The biennial reunion of the Pinkerton Academy Alumni Association will be

held in Boston at the American House the last day of the present month. It is to be hoped that a large number will find it possible to attend this reunion, which is always a source of enjoyment and inspiration to the graduates of Old Pinkerton.

The Business Manager reports that a large percentage of subscriptions remain unpaid. The CRITIC's finances are such that it CANNOT give free subscriptions, however much it would like to please its friends by so doing. Moreover, the CRITIC is run on a business-like basis, and it is not business to let a large number of subscriptions go unpaid.

We hope that this will be a sufficient reminder to the forgetful ones to give or send pay for their subscriptions to Graham, Business Manager.

Spring.

ARTHUR D. EASTMAN.

When Spring is here which we love so dear
And the cattle on the hills are lowing,
And the leaf buds are opening far and near,
Then soon the flowers will be growing.

We awake each lovely morning,
To the songs of the birds that arrive,
The brook sings in the valley,
And we are glad to be alive.

Misfortunes of Billy.

By A FRESHMAN.

Billy's folks were a queer kind of people, that is, if one were to judge by what their neighbors said. They were queer in that they were forever picking up some broken-down, half-starved animal, whose looks were almost a proof that the world had given him up. The folks' pastures and stables were full of horses and cattle, who, on their first appearance at the farm, had looked like living scarecrows. A stay of a few months, however, in the big pastures, treading the soft and springy turf, invariably made a vast difference in their looks.

Now Billy was neither horse nor cow, but just a plain, ordinary, everyday dog; a mongrel cur who blew into the farm-yard one blustering March day, and settled down in the straw of the stable as if he intended to stay. John, the stableman, was about to put him out, but the young master was so attracted by the dog's pleading brown eyes that he told John to let the poor fellow alone.

So the dog stayed, and as someone happened to call him "Billy", Billy he was henceforth, and he answered to that name. Billy was not a handsome dog and would hardly have taken a ribbon at a dog show, for at first his ribs showed so plainly that Norah declared he was a walking washboard. A few weeks of good feeding filled him out, and he literally became as broad as he was long. His hair was short and black, while his skin fitted so tightly that he looked not unlike one

of those stuffed animals with which the children play. The small black button which served him for a tail, and his humorous brown eyes, could speak volumes, when he was in the mood for a frolic or wanted something to eat. He was able to take a joke, and often would he open his mouth and grin from ear to ear at some particularly funny episode.

Billy was kept very busy between driving the hens out of the garden, playing with the baby, and hunting eggs with his young master. Of course, he had to see that the cows were sent out to pasture all right in the morning, and at night he would bark to his heart's content helping drive them home.

One day, however, Billy was fooled. It was just after he had come to the farm. He had driven the hens out of the garden twice already, and he thought he would go down to the brook and have a nice swim. Just as he went around the corner of the house, he saw ten or fifteen hens strutting along before him. He was out of breath from his previous chase, but he couldn't resist the temptation to chase these hens. He made a rush, which drove them fluttering and quacking into confusion.

"My," said Billy to himself, "that's a funny noise for hens to make."

Still, he concluded it would be a good plan to drive them out of the garden, anyway, and he rushed at them again and again, not noticing that they were going

as fast as possible towards the brook. When the brook was reached and the "hens" tumbled in with much relieved quacking, Billy was so astonished that he just sat down on his stumpy tail and looked. Finally, he got up and went away to hide in the barn. He was so ashamed that he would not come out for a whole day, and after he did appear, the moment he saw a duck, he would always run and hide as quickly as possible.

A green bottle or the sound of a gun would make him run, too. Once Billy, his master, and I, went to visit one of our friends who lived about a mile away. In

the course of the visit, we went out into the barn, and Billy was having the time of his life looking at the swallows. All at once some one fired a shot gun outside. Billy jumped about three feet, made for the stairs, tumbled down them as fast as he was able, and the last we saw of him was a little black spot going over the hill half a mile away, running with all its might for home.

But alas for Billy! One day as he was industriously chasing the hens from the garden he fell into the old well that was partially boarded over, and drowned before his howls brought us to his rescue.

A Fantasy of the Night.

LAVINIA P. MACK.

One day I went up into the belfry tower at Pinkerton. The great height and the extensive view both impressed me deeply. When I went to sleep that night, I had a strange dream.

I was standing in the belfry tower at twilight, when suddenly a small pink-tinted cloud floated down and stopped beside me. On it was Mercury. He came over to the edge of the cloud and spoke to me softly. "Jump onto the cloud," he said, "and I will take you to some interesting and wonderful places." I gladly obeyed, and curled up on the fleecy cloud in wonder, but waited for Mercury to speak. "Now we are off," he said, and pointed upward with the tiny arrow which he carried in his hand. Immediately we sped in that direction. "I am going to take you to see some of the great people whose works you have read and seen." I was certainly delighted and

asked Mercury to please make the cloud go as fast as it could, for it was hard to wait. We were soon going at the rate of about a mile a second, which nearly took my breath away, but I managed to say, "Oh Mercury, please don't go so fast." The cloud diminished its speed a little. In about an hour we stopped before a very large white cloud.

"The great writers who have left the earth dwell here," Mercury told me. I was greatly pleased and we stepped onto the large cloud and walked down a long silvery path. We were very near the sky. The stars had come out and made a very radiant light. When we reached the end of the path we came to a great open space where were seated the people whom I wished so much, many times, to see. I knew Aesop the very first thing for when I saw him he was just telling a story with a moral. A man nearby began

to talk to me whom I soon recognized by his fluent use of adjectives. It was Homer. Then a sweet voice at my side said, "From where hast thou come?" It was Whittier, our dear old Quaker poet. How glad I was to see him! Besides these, I saw Tennyson, Longfellow and many others. Robert Louis Stevenson gave me a little poem which he had just written, and I thought how glad the earth people would be when I took it to them. It was with reluctance that I allowed Mercury to lead me back to the little pink-tinted cloud.

The next stop which we made was directly under a very pretty cloud. It was quite dark down under it but Mercury opened a little trap door disclosing a gilded staircase. We ascended and were soon among a great crowd of artists. One of them gave me a little figure he had just made and another a little painting of the sky with its radiant stars and the moon. They looked much prettier from the cloud than they do as we see them from the earth. I walked around admiring the beautiful things for some time

until Mercury warned me that I must not stay long, as it was after midnight.

The next place we came to was a cloud on which lived the great musicians, Bach, Haydn, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart and many others. They were playing on the most wonderful instruments. Each played alone, then, all burst forth into one glorious, harmonious chord. My heart swelled. Must I leave this beautiful place so soon? Mercury was pulling at my arm to get me away. I stood spell-bound. Mercury shook me. "You must come, it is almost morning now," he said, "and I must take you home as soon as possible." We stepped upon the cloud which was no longer tinted with pink, but an exquisite silvery grey. We descended very rapidly. "Well," said Mercury as I stepped from the little cloud into the belfry tower, "I hope you have enjoyed the journey. Good-by." The cloud was soon out of my sight.

Just then I heard mother's voice. "Wake up, dear, it is time to get ready for school," she said, and my eyes opened.

The House and the Barn.

By SO-AND-SO AND WHAT'S-HIS-NAME.

A house and barn stood facing each other on opposite sides of a road. Both were very old. It happened that the barn stood to the west of the house where it obstructed the sun view. This was a sore grievance with the house. As regularly as the sun went down it complained of the barn for being in the way. Naturally the barn tired of this sort of thing before the house. "If it is something red you are looking for," said the barn one

night, "what do you say to this?" And it went up in a beautiful blaze of hay and shingles. The next evening the house had its first good view of a sunset, but it was across the fallen charred timbers of the barn. That same evening, however, feeling for the first time the full force of the west wind, it began to realize what a faithful windbreak it had lost in the barn. And that wasn't the worst of its loss. With the barn went all farm

life. There were no more lowing cattle. The barn door no longer rolled thundering back for the passage of the horse. The farm was run out, the farmer poor; there could be no thought of rebuilding the barn. And what home life can there be on a farm where there is no farm life? The farmer moved away and left the house to desolation. Then it was an

abandoned farm. Boys put the finishing touches on it by throwing occasional stones through the windows.

MORALS.

- (1) Sometimes the things most necessary to our life and happiness seem most in our way.
- (2) Don't be too esthetic.
- (3) Something obvious about sunsets.

The Death of the Day.

A fearsome sight is the western sky
As the red sun sinks to its rest,—
All streaked and stained with the Day's
life-blood
'Tis a day that has not been blessed.
And a wild, wierd sound comes from the
sky,
A sound that is mournful and low,—
'Tis but the cry of the dying Day

From its heart surcharged with woe.
The woe of a world that is sordid and
dull,
Of a world that is full of toil;
When man's sole thought is of money
and power
Forgetting Joy never comes from the
soil.

—*The Cynic.*

The Middlers' Masque.

An innovation in the line of entertainment was the masked costume party given by the Class of 1911 on the evening of March eleventh. The Middlers had talked about the sociable they were going to give, and declared that it would eclipse all others in originality and in attendance. It was truth, for the hall was filled to overflowing.

The costumes were of every conceivable sort. The ingenuity of the maskers was exercised to its utmost, and hardly two costumes were alike. Nuns, Red Cross nurses, clowns, flower girls, and soldiers were delightfully intermingled

and formed a most charming picture to the looker-on.

The matching was done by means of proverbs, the boys having a hard time by reason of their not seeing very well through their masks. Then a quartet of Middler boys, of whom two, Young and Miltimore, were dressed as girls, rendered a selection. They literally rent it in pieces, thereby earning their name of the Agony Quartet.

Following the selection by the quartet, came the unmasking and a ladies' choice promenade. Shrieks of laughter followed the taking off of the fake faces.

Cries of "I told you so" rang through the hall. They were stopped at last by the announcement that games were in order.

About half-past nine the electric lights suddenly went out. Consternation was rife until two small candles were pressed into service. The promenading was then

resumed, while the boys skirmished about for kerosene lamps. After this the pleasant time passed swiftly and it was half past ten before anyone could be persuaded to go home.

The class of 1911 may congratulate themselves on giving one of the most original and pleasing socials in years.

That Peach Affair.

BY LOIS HUNT.

One night I couldn't sleep, so I got up and sat by the window. There was a bright moon and I discovered two boys in the road right in front of the house. I listened to their talk, and, from the snatches I heard, I knew they were planning to rob Angelina Goodwin's peach orchard. Now you know Angelina is kind o' queer if she has got a sort o' poetical name. Anyhow she's all fired perticler what happens on her premises. If any o' the folks go off to spend the ev'nin' she always sits up until after they get home for fear they'll paint the doors or haul somethin' out of the yard, and my land, ef she ain't perticler with those air nieces o' her'n. I guess that they about toe the mark, poor little things.

Well, I guess I'd better get back to peaches. You see, Angelina raises some pretty good peaches, but she ain't the only one if she does think so. You know, the boys never'd think of gettin' in her peach orchard ef she didn't make such an awful fuss over them. I thought 'twas kind o' mean o' them boys when Angelina hain't got much, but I thought perhaps 'twould learn her a lesson, so I didn't say anythin',

but just sneaked out and followed 'em. They crossed the road and hiked through the field to the southern slope. I followed 'em up close. Well, you see, I got right behind a tree and watched. The boys climbed the trees and I could hear 'em telling what slick ones they was till it almost made my mouth water. I waited quite a while, then I sneaked out in under the tree, thinkin' that I could pick up a peach if one dropped. You know I've plenty o' peaches o' my own, but Angelina's are a different kind, and she's so stingy she wouldn't give you one. Well, one dropped and I picked it up. I had just taken one good bite when—thump! came a strong hand on my collar and Angelina says, "John Jones, what you stealin' my peaches for?" About this time, the wind must have been rustling in those peach trees for they shook somewhat, and I think I'm right in saying I heard a chuckle.

"Law sakes, Angelina," says I, "I wa'n't stealing your peaches."

"Well, what was you doing, then?"

I happened to think how mean 'twould be to tell on them boys, though I wish I

had now, so I didn't say anything, but just turned 'round and walked off.

Soon after, I found that Angelina had brought it up in court about them peaches,

and before we got it all fixed up it cost me nigh on fifty dollars, and a name of stealing peaches besides, just because I didn't tell on them boys.

The Day at the Sugar Camp

ROY C. GRAHAM.

A small brook courses its way down the mountain side, to be stopped by a small dam. There, where the brook bids farewell to its mountain life and joins the quiet life of the little pond, stands the sap camp.

It is a small building with a roof and but one side. Within the shelter of the camp, resting upon brick arches, are two large pans filled with sap. Thick clouds of sweet, sticky steam are rising from the pans. When the wind shifts, and blows the steam away, one catches a sight of boiling, bubbling sap. Before the camp is a large trough filled with fresh sap, and at the right are milk cans filled with syrup.

Down by the dam, the two boys who have been left to attend to the fire are sailing toy boats. They quickly, however, leave them and begin to throw wood on the fire when they see their father coming down the side of the mountain, where he has been gathering sap. On the four stakes of his sled are inverted milk cans. Although the horse goes slowly, and

chooses each step with care, the sap occasionally splashes out through the holes in the barrels with a loud "thug!" When the camp is reached, rubber pipes are placed into the barrels, and by suction the sap is transferred to the trough on the ground.

Voices are heard, and the boys see their mother and sister coming with their dinner. They shout with joy and rush to meet her. Soon all, seated on sap buckets before the fire, are eating their dinner. How good it tastes!

After the dinner the father must go to gather the sap again, and the mother goes home to her work. The children play hide-and-seek among the rocks and the juniper bushes. Thus the afternoon passes away. When it is dark the father returns, and sitting in the bright light cast out by the fire, tells his children stories. At last, when the sap is boiled down, the pans are taken from the fire, and the syrup strained into cans. Then they place the syrup on the wooden sled and start for home.

The Last Time I Went Skating

ROBERT L. KLOEBER.

The day dawned still and cold, a fine day for the skating party we had planned. What a dandy time we would have!

We arrived at the small lake about ten o'clock, and after experiencing the usual amount of trouble while adjusting skates, we started off, each in a different direction, to discover on what part of the pond the best skating was. I struck out toward the middle and had hardly taken twenty strokes before I slipped in my haste, and came down with a thud on the ice. Nothing daunted, however, I started boldly out again, but a second time I fell prostrate on the ice, and looked up to see one of my skates sliding merrily toward an air-hole. This second accident somewhat dampened my joy and happiness. The sun didn't shine quite so brightly as it did before. Finally, however, I calmed down, and having rubbed my head and shins carefully, started to crawl carefully toward the air-hole near which was my refractory skate. I had perhaps gone several yards when the ice began to crack. It continued to crack and groan. I tried

to retrace my way, but my attempts were of no avail. The ice gave way beneath my feet, and I plunged into the water.

I gave a cry for help, and struck out madly for shore. The cakes of ice stopped my progress, and the cold water weakened my limbs. At last I saw that it was useless to try to save myself. The misery of that moment! I was sorry that I had said harsh words to the hired man; and stolen my mother's jam. I hoped that my father would forgive me for all the bad things that I had done. I imagined how everyone would feel when my poor stiff body was carried through the town. How the neighbors would miss me! How all the boys would boast of having been my friends! I closed my eyes and prepared to die.

Blessed Providence! My feet in sinking had gone but a few feet when they touched the bottom of the lake. For fifteen minutes I had been trying desperately to save myself in three feet of water!

"What a great sport skating is!" I reflected as I panted and shivered on my way homeward.



First Interclass Debate

1910 vs. 1911.

In the fall of 1907 the class of 1905 presented to the Philomathean Society a silver cup. It was given to be contested for by the classes, according to a fixed set of rules, in public debates. The class winning three successive debates secures thereby the right to have its numerals engraved upon the cup.

The first debate of the present year for the possession of the 1905 cup was held March 15, between the Seniors, its holders, and the Senior Middlers, respectively supporting the affirmative and the negative of the question, Resolved; That Football Should Be Abolished. The question was a live, interesting question, and the debates of both affirmative and negative did full justice to their subject. The debate was very close, a fact which, though relished by the audience, was a constant source of discomfort to the debaters upon the platform.

The debates of both sides clashed at almost every point. The Seniors' proof, summing it up briefly, was that football did not benefit physically, mentally, and morally; that football could be played by few,

whereas all students have need for an outdoor game; that football was the cause of many evils in schools and colleges; that the game could not be reformed. The Seniors advocated the introduction of the Association game, or "Soccer." The Middlers maintained in their main debate that football did benefit physically, mentally, and morally; that all bad results from it could be removed by certain reforms in the game; that the number of injuries from the game should not result in its abolition.

Seavey, Ladd and Bartlett, represented the Seniors, and opposed to them were Goldsmith, Shepard and Young. The judges secured for the debate by Principal Silver were Hon. John J. Hunt of Salem; Mr. A. J. Abbott, supervisor of music in the public schools of Manchester; Mr. J. F. Bates, instructor in the high school, Manchester. Harold W. Abbott, who presided, announced their decision as for the affirmative.

The class of 1912 have challenged the Seniors, and a second public debate will be held sometime during the first weeks of next term.

Alumni Department

The Pinkerton Academy Alumni Association will hold its biennial reunion at the American House, Boston, Mass., March 31, 1910.

Alumni Notes.

(* Denotes non-graduate, year given being last of attendance.)

'69. John C. Chase is on a pleasure trip to the West Indies and Panama.

'73. Mrs. E. P. Underhill and daughter Dorothy, are on a trip to Jamaica, B. W. I.

'75. Mrs. H. A. Bradford has gone to the Emerson Hospital, Forrest Hills, Mass.

***'79.** Ex-Governor Charles M. Floyd was one of the speakers at the sixth annual banquet of the Derry Board of Trade, giving an able address on the Forestry question. Hon. R. W. Pillsbury was toastmaster at the post-prandial exercises.

'88. Mrs. Thomas Emery (Cora Crosby), now of Auburn, N. H., had charge of the musical and literary program of the Auburn Women's Club at a recent meeting.

'93. "Young Mr. Pritchard," a play given by the Social Union of the Church of the Disciples, was repeated by request before the students of Simmons College, Boston, Mass. Frederick W. Poor was one of the four participants in the play.

'93. Paul P. Foster has contributed to the "Wide World" a thrilling story entitled, "Trapped."

'93. Geo. F. Bampton has returned with his family from Mentone, France. They returned on the "Cretic" and experienced a tempestuous voyage after leaving the Azores. His father was buried in France in the Government cemetery.

***'01.** Miss Gladys Wilton is now teaching Greek and Latin at the Pacific Grove Academy, California.

***'03.** Frank D. Corson is one of the census enumerators located at Portsmouth, N. H. His department is the manufactories of Rockingham County.

'03—'05. Mrs. Ada Bartlett Sanborn and Miss Bessie Bartlett assisted in the play "Love and Money," presented at I. O. O. F. Hall, Raymond, for the benefit of the Raymond Fire Dept.

***'09.** Howard C. Corson is the telegraph operator of the Boston & Maine R. R. at Newton Junction, N. H.

'09. Miss Ruth Blood is organist at the Chester Congregational Church.

Faculty '10. At the ladies' night banquet of the Concord Board of Trade, Feb. 17, Mr. Ernest L. Silver gave an address on Practical Education which seems to have been well received. The Concord correspondent of a state daily speaks of it as one of the best things of its kind ever heard in Concord. As reported in the Monitor, it suggests certain thoughts about our school that the CRITIC will give editorial consideration later.

Faculty '10. During the first week in March Mr. Ernest L. Silver was away from the Academy on a trip West where he attended the Superintendent's convention at Indianapolis and incidentally visited some of the great western schools.

Faculty '10. Mr. Frost gave two lectures at the Farmington Institute, Feb. 11. Other speakers on the same occasion were Mr. E. W. Butterfield, Prin. of the Dover High School, and Mr. H. M. Bisbee, Prin. of Robinson Seminary, recently visitors at Pinkerton.

Engagements.

Henrietta M. Norton of Derry to Mr. Frederick L. Britton of Lowell, Mass.

Marriages.

Derry, N. H., Feb. 19, 1910. Fred L. Clark (*'90) and Mrs. Laura Frances Kimball of Chester, N. H.

At Westbrook, Me., Jan. 8, 1910. Lowell Rodney Clark ('06) and Miss Ethel P. Eaton.

Deaths.

Menton, France, Feb. 5, 1910, Robert Bampton, Sr., husband of Louise Adams Crombie (*'68).

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 28, 1910, Walter C. Whitcomb (*'66).

Boston, Mass., March 8, 1910, Vaughan Towle.

Philomathean Society.

SPRING TERM.

President,	Robert L. Bartlett, '12	2nd Prud.,	Ivo A. Russell, '11
Vice Pres.,	Frank Salner, '13	3rd Prud.,	George W. Goldsmith '11
Secretary,	Annie Salner, '11	Marshal,	Mason J. Young, '11

Athletics

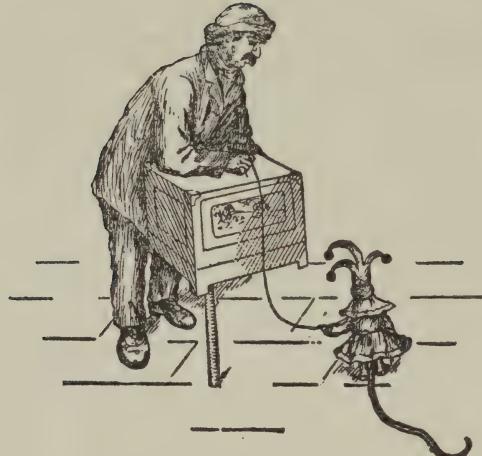
TRACK TEAM.

Captain and Manager,

Harold W. Abbott, P. G. Manager,

BASEBALL.

Edmund R. Stearns, '11.



The teacher helps Goldsmith who is having trouble in German I.

“Das ist ein Katz.”

Goldsmith—“Oh, yes, a woodchuck.”

A quotation from Virgil:

“Puer in incendente ponte stetit,
Edens modio parvas nuces,
Eius pater vocavit, non ivit,
Quod amavit tam parvas nuces.”

Esperanto: “They appellait Pierre un parvus homme.”

F. S. '13.—“Arithmetic is the science of knowledge.”

E. P. '11, (In English)—“ . . . Hold my hand.” Imagine anyone saying that in school.

Affairs are certainly in a bad state; even the twins don't know themselves



Grinds.



apart.

Miss S.—“What is the meaning of sinister?”

“D. S. L., '12.—“It's a person who has never been married.”

The social had been attended
By all, both old and young;
And the crow from his tree looked
down to see
The usual number — go home.

Juniorisms:—“A cypher is worth 10.”
“Four o'clock is represented by four eyes (III).” “Glass is a textile industry.” “Internally hungry.”

Did you know that Mr. Potter's dog had cannibalistic tendencies? He was discovered the other day devouring a *Scientific American*!



Each issue of *The Quarterly Tatler*, New York, N. Y., contains twice the amount of material contained in any other single exchange we receive. Probably it is largely due to the fact that the *Quarterly Tatler* is only published four times a year; but still, there has been reading matter enough in the two copies that we have received thus far to make five extra good school papers, to make five papers much better than the average in both quality and quantity. In the January number, the story, "Miss Wilson's Surrender," was very well written. On the other hand, although not written so well, the story, "Going, Going, Gone," was very original. Some of the sketches were good, too. The Exchange Column was good, and showed a most careful reading of the exchanges received. It seems to us, however, that the Exchange Editor might make some of her criticisms of more general interest.

The Megaphone, Franklin, Mass., is another good paper. Its editorials seem short and "choppy," and hardly up to the standard of the Literary Department and of the poetry. The Athletic Department is well managed.



Exchanges.



The Reveille, Northfield, Vt., needs something more in the Literary Department than one chapter of a continued story and a letter from an alumnus. The Exchange Column is utterly missing. The Intercollegiate Notes fill nearly half of the paper. The *Reveille* needs to pay attention to the arrangement of its material and the general appearance of the paper, which appearance is important in keeping the alumni interested.

The H. S. Review, Hamilton, Ohio, is a well balanced paper. The story, "Love Me, Love My Cat," was specially good. The Exchange Column is good, too.

The Owl, Wellsville; N. Y., contains some good material. We think, however, that the general appearance could be improved. In our opinion, a better cover design could be obtained than a not over carefully drawn owl on a branch.

Ink Spots, Mason City, Iowa, although it is not blotted, does not give a much better impression than a blotted manuscript does. The paper is poor, the jokes are very prominent, and the cuts look like the comic pictures in a Sunday newspaper.

We natives of the Granite State have a strong loyalty to our state within us, and when anything is said in eulogy of her we are wont to applaud vociferously. Perhaps it was for this reason that we were so favorably impressed by "Fair New Hampshire—A Winter Thought," a poem appearing in the latest number of the *Tuftonian*. However that may be, the poem was especially pleasing to us, and we read and reread it. The absurdity of "Trelawney's Latest" in the same paper brought smiles to our face.

It's "putting the cart before the horse," we think, to place Alumni Notes, Athletic Notes, and Exchanges, before the Literary Department. The L. H. S. Quarterly, Lewiston, Me., is practically our only exchange to regularly follow this custom. In this one respect at least, we think that the Quarterly can find room for improvement.

Exchanges received:

Alpha, (New Bedford, Mass.), *Artisan*, (Boston, Mass.), *Clarion*, (West Roxbury, Mass.), *Crimson and White*, (Gloucester, Mass.), *Dial*, (Brattleborough, Vt.), *Gates Index*, (Neligh, Neb.), *Goddard Record*, (Barre, Vt.), *Increscent*, (Beloit, Wis.), *Karux*, (Phillipsburg, N. J.), *Lakonian*, (Laconia, N. H.), *L. H. S. Quarterly*,

(Lewiston, Me.), *Lilliputian*, (Canton, N. Y.), *Megaphone*, (Franklin, Mass.), *Mirror*, (Waltham, Mass.), *New Hampshire College Monthly*, (Durham, N. H.), *Now and Then*, (St. Paul, Minn.), *Oracle*, (Bangor, Me.), *Quarterly Tattler*, (New York, N. Y.), *Radiator*, (Somerville, Mass.), *Red and Black*, (Claremont, N. H.), *Res Academicae*, (Wilkes-Barre, Pa.), *Reveille*, (Northfield, Vt.), *Review*, (Lowell, Mass.), *School Life*, (Melrose, Mass.), *Students' Review*, (Northampton, Mass.), *Tattler*, (Nashua, N. H.), *Vermont Academy Life*, (Saxton's River, Vt.), *Voice*, (New London, N. H.), *Vox Studentis*, (Union City, Tenn.), *Voice*, (Concord, Mass.), *Argus*, (Gardner, Mass.), *Mercury*, (Milwaukee, Wis.), *Tuft's Weekly*, (Boston, Mass.), *Richards*, (Newport, N. H.), *Fair Play*, (Central City, Neb.), *Orange and Black*, (Marlborough, Mass.), *Allen Tattler*, (West Newton, Mass.), *E. L. H. S. Oracle*, (Auburn, Me.), *Tuftonian*, (Boston, Mass.), *H. S. Oracle*, (Hamilton, Ohio), *Owl*, (Wellsville, N. Y.), *Spectator*, (Johnston, Pa.), *Academian*, (Pembroke, N. H.), *Angelus*, (New Orleans, La.), *Kimball Union*, (Meriden, N. H.), *H. C. I. Scroll*, (Charleston, Me.), *Iris*, (Farmington, N. H.), *Shad*, (Farnabault, Minn.), *Spinner*, (Memphis, Tenn.), *Spud*, (Alliance, Neb.), *Lookout*, (Derby, Conn.), *Volunteer*, (Concord, N. H.)

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